



Jitters



👁 33 ✓ 29 ★ 19

Chapter 1 by Luke Meyers

Thump-a thump-a thump-a thump-a... what was that noise? I looked down. It was my own leg bouncing nervously, out of my conscious control. I steadied myself with an effort, taking a deep sighing breath.

I was tired of being like this, but it didn't change anything. Ever since the fire, dread creeps in through the back of my mind whenever I sit idle too long. I could still feel my lungs tighten as I remembered my terrified, smoke-filled passage through familiar halls made alien by murk and chaos. I clenched my hand hard, trying to focus. Today was an important day.

Chapter 2 by Kitiōn



Not the right moment for the jitters. Too nervous & uneasy, even my thoughts have quick jumpy movements.

I have to nail this day.

I have to walk into that board meeting and give them what they expect.

My presentation, sell sell sell, and then get out.

Be positive, stay focused, don't chew your nails.

Last check before lift off.

Do not think flames, don't think acid fumes

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Whatever you do don't think. Only think of your mission

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Chapter 3 by 14hr177

yessss found them they were in my lunch box. Now calm down you have a big day today.

Whrrwhrr oh no please say that isn't a fire alarm.

All of a sudden people came running out of the room i was ment to be in they were coughing. I started running as fast as i could but i just seemed to be stood still.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



But I still needed to make my powerpoint presentation! It was sell-sell-sell! Conflagration or not, I was going to do just that, by god.

I kicked down the door to the boardroom, noticing the executive passed out on the table and floors (as well as the raging fire devouring the walls) and I searched for the remote control to the overhead projector. My MacBook was already powering up as I inhaled the thick, acrid air.

Chapter 5 by Cameron Neill



The smoke stung my eyes as I scanned around the room for someone to present to. Most executives were passed out on the floor or face down on the table. That wasn't suitable. I needed to look into someone's eyes as I made my pitch otherwise I would lose my confidence.

'Present the pitch as though you were telling a story to an old friend' the self help book advised. I needed to find my friend to present to.

And there he was. Clearly unconscious or dead (it was hard to tell) he had slumped back into his leather chair with his eyes open, looking through the thickening smoke towards the screen. Bingo! Now was the time. It was sell-sell-sell and get out.

I wrapped my tie around my mouth to try and stop the smoke and began.

Chapter 6 by intellikat



"Mffing cmmmf prfffpfrr yrrrrf frrr whffff weffff haffff," I began, my words a bit muffled from the tie.

The man in the leather chair sat up. I looked eyes with him and felt my speech intensify. I wasn't reaching him. I thought,

"CRREEENG ANFFTHINNGEE SHFFD BEEGNN WTH FFRRN FFF" I roged, signalling an aggressive transition wip to the next Power point slide.

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Suddenly, the doorway was filled with two burly firemen in dayglo yellow gear. They paused, axe in hand, and seemed stunned to find me doing what I was. And then, they tackled me and put me into their famous fireman's carry. But I did not go without a fight. I screamed at them, trying to explain how important this day was for me. How my jitters were in no way going to inhibit me from selling these bluetooth-enabled coffee machines. I even tried to rip the mask from the one firefighter's face, but the other subdued me by wrenching my arm around my back enough that I let go. Down the stairwell we tramped, and out into the clear sky, surrounded by onlookers, support vehicles, reporters. The fireman dropped me to the pavement and knelt at my side.

"What the hell were you doing?!" he shouted, removing his mask.

Chapter 7 by intellikat



Without missing a beat, I launched right into my sales pitch there on the sidewalk. I was granted about four seconds, and then was slapped hard across the face by a gloved fireman.

Chapter 8 by heureux-xx



That slap awakened something. Something deep within my subconscious.. A memory. A memory from the first fire. On that fateful day, the day that caused the chronic jitters I reluctantly live with.. I remember the smoke, so thick. It was everywhere, I couldn't breathe.. I felt woozy. I was later awakened by a fireman, he slapped me hard in the face, as if to judge whether I was still alive.

It's so clear now, everything makes sense. This whole time, I wasn't afraid of fire. I was afraid of firemen...

Their slaps hurt!

the end

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